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JULIUS THE SECOND.

BY RAPHAEL.*

"FACEVA temere il ritratto a vederlo, come se proprio egli fossi vivo," says Vasari,† in speaking of this wonderful and masterly chef d'œuvre of the princely Raphael Sanzio, of which the prefixed engraving is a sketch. Pope Julius II.—this great and munificent patron of art is represented in a sitting posture, his elbows resting on the arms of the pontifical chair, which is surmounted by the richly gilt acorns, the emblem of supreme power; the red silk cape and velvet cap which the pontiff wears are edged with ermine; the under garments are of white linen, plaited with silken sleeves. The head is that of a hardy old man, accustomed to combat and to conquer difficulties: the square projecting forehead, the strong marked features, the straight white beard,‡ the eyes deeply seated in their sockets, are all indicative of the firmness of purpose and iron character of the man. No portrait ever told the inward workings of even the moral history of the sitter like this of Raphael's, absorbed in deep thought, and, from the expression of the features, meditating some deep and intricate line of policy—the subjection of some new province or the erection of some stupendous and magnificent monument of art.

Julian de Ravere, elected pope the night between the 31st of October and the 1st of November, 1503, under the name of Julius II.,§ was nephew to Sixtus IV.; born of low extraction, being the son of a waterman; raised to the purple in 1741, by

the title of Cardinal Presbyter of St. Peter ad Vincula; early displayed that intrepidity, impetuous resolution, and wily diplomacy, which ultimately raised him to the pontifical chair. His ability in the cabinet and intrepidity in the field* have justly rendered his name illustrious in the pages of history; his bold, enterprising, ambitious, and indefatigable spirit, corresponded well with the restless and active spirit of the times. As a vicar of Christ it would have been difficult to have found a person whose conduct and temper were more directly opposed to the mild and meek spirit of Christianity. His ambition was gigantic; nor were the advantages he sought for of a temporary or personal nature: to establish the authority of the holy see throughout Europe, to recover the dominions of the church, to expel all foreign power, or, as they were then styled, barbarians, from Italy,† and to restore that country to the dominion of its native princes, were the vast objects of his comprehensive mind. These objects he lived in a great degree to accomplish; and it may well be doubted whether, if he had entered on his career at an earlier period of his life, he would not have carried his designs into effect. The Italian historians have not, however, shewn themselves favourable to his fame. That the martial character of the pontiff, who frequently led his troops in person, tended to diminish the reverence due to the holy see; and, like the enormities of his predecessor, Alexander VI., prepared the way for the reformation which speedily followed, seems likely, indeed, pro-

* Three feet six inches in height, by two feet eight inches. From the Borghese Gallery.

† Vasari, vol. iii. p. 181. It creates as much awe in the beholder as if it were the living Julius sitting in the pontifical chair.

‡ Julius was the first pontiff who revived the custom, which had long been discontinued by his predecessors, of suffering his beard to grow, in order to give additional respect and dignity to his appearance. This precedence brought beards again into repute, and general in every court in Europe, Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. encouraging the custom.

§ Bandello mentions, that when a boy he used to carry onions from his native village to Genoa for sale.—Novell. xxxi. Erasmus likewise mentions this in his *adage*. From Julius's rapid preferment came the Italian proverb, "From the oar to the tribunal," used when speaking of any one who is suddenly raised from a low condition to a lucrative or honourable employment.

* At the siege of Miranda in 1511, Julius, at the head of his troops, fearlessly exposed himself in every post of danger to the fire of the enemy, before the town could formally capitulate. He entered by the breach, mounting the scaling-ladder, at the head of his men, sword in hand.—Marshall Anl. d'Italia.

† The belligerent life of Julius is sarcastically reprehended in a pasquinade of which Erasmus was suspected of being the author.

Julius applies to be admitted into Paradise, but St. Peter not recognising him, he is obliged to give an account of his transactions in this life; this not satisfying the apostle, he still refuses to admit him, and Julius threatens to besiege and make war upon heaven. Paulus Jovius mentions, that in a moment of irritation he threw the keys of St. Peter into the fire.

bable; but it was his encouragement of letters, his love and patronage of art, his vast designs, his magnificent projects, affording such artists as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Bramante, a theatre sufficiently ample to display their powers to full advantage, for which his name must ever be revered by all lovers of art.

The first object of ambition, on Julius II. ascending the papal throne, was to immortalize his memory connected with the labour of some of the great artists of his time; for this purpose he invited Michael Angelo to Rome, with the intent of carrying this design into execution.

The palace of the Vatican, although first erected by the Pontiff Symmachus, yet Nicolas V. conceived the design of completing the palace on such an extensive scale, and with such elegance and ornament, as to render it the largest as well as the most beautiful fabric in Christendom. But the honour of having carried out to a greater degree of perfection the splendid design of Nicolas V. was reserved for Julius II., who was no sooner seated in the pontifical chair, than he determined to facilitate the communication between the gardens of the Belvedere and the pontifical palace by two magnificent corridors, the execution of which was committed to Bramante, the architect of the late pontiff, Alexander VI. The inequality of the ground separating the palace from the garden, instead of proving an obstacle to the artist, enabled him to exhibit the powers of his invention to greater advantage. Bramante, soon after this becoming the professed architect and favourite of Julius II., frequently accompanied the pontiff on his military expeditions, and, in return for his attachment and services, Julius conferred on him the lucrative office of the *piombo*, or sealer of the pontifical briefs. Under his direction he executed in Rome and its vicinity several considerable buildings; and such was the fervour of the artist who laboured, and the pontiff who stimulated, to use the words of Vasari, that the immense fabric seemed rather to be born than to be built. Bramante* is accused, even by his contemporaries, with the abuse of that power which he possessed over Julius, and of prejudicing the pontiff's mind against Michael Angelo; for this purpose Raphael seems to have been introduced to Julius. By the decoration of the Vatican†

he thought to wean the pope from the great works of sculpture which had been confided to Michael Angelo, in which he partially succeeded in doing, at the same time insinuating to the pontiff the propriety of employing the great Florentine, who had not as yet practised fresco painting, in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, hoping thereby, either by the total failure of the sculptor or in contrast with the works of his protégé and relative, Raphael, to raise the reputation of the latter, or by the refusal of Michael Angelo to comply with the pontiff's desire, would bring upon himself the consequent disgrace. These are the unworthy motives ascribed to Bramante, who, whatever his intentions may have been, there is little doubt saw with regret the pontiff engaging in the exorbitant expense necessarily accompanying his projected sepulchre, together with the likelihood, ultimately, of this enterprise affecting himself. He therefore saw the policy of employing Michael Angelo on the decoration of a palace rather than the sculpture of a tomb for which, at that time, there was no destination; it was, however, this famous tomb, the object of so many contests, which occasioned the erection of the new basilica of St. Peter's.

This immense sepulchre, which was to have been composed of forty statues, had been projected, drawn, and even commenced, without the idea arising where it should be afterwards placed. However, Julius afterwards entrusted this selection to Michael Angelo. The old church of St. Peter's had been long in a dilapidated state. The project of constructing another had even occupied the mind of Nicolas V., Rossallino had even made the design, and commenced the building; at the death of that pontiff the project had been abandoned and forgotten. Michael Angelo, in looking for a site on which to build a receptacle for his gigantic tomb, discovered the one already commenced by Rossallino; he therefore proposed to the pope to continue the already commenced work, estimating the sum required at one hundred thousand Roman crowns. "Two hundred thousand crowns, if it is necessary," replied the pope, and immediately Julien de San Gallo and Bramante were sent to examine the proposed site.

The mind of Julius was no sooner occupied with this subject, than the huge idea occurred to him of erecting a new cathedral. It was no longer a question relative to the continuation of that commenced by his predecessor Nicolas. The ablest architects of Italy were consulted on the subject, and after numerous disputes between Julien San Gallo and Bramante, and a host of plans referred to the pope, the one upon which St. Peter's was afterwards built, was selected.

* There is a letter still existing of Cardinal Bembo to Julius the Second, in which there are some particulars mentioned, not only respecting the attention paid by that pontiff to the promotion of Italian literature, but to the restoration of the long lost art of abbreviated or short-hand writing, of which Bembo was the reviver.

† The greater part of the halls, vulgarly called the Vatican, were already painted, or in the act of being so. At that time even there were in Rome artists of talent and celebrity, all of whom Vasari mentions.

Immediately the place had been decided upon, Julius put it into execution, with that vigour and spirit for which he was so remarkable. Half of the old basilica had been thrown down. On the 18th of April, 1506, the first stone of the new St. Peter's was laid by the pope. In the space of a few months, the walls of the new structure were towering over the churches of Christian Rome. This too great precipitation used in the structure, the great weight of material, and other causes, had the effect of ultimately retarding for ages the accomplishment of Pope Julius' and Bramante's design. The walls had cracked in various places. Raphael, Joconde, Julien San Gallo, Belthazar, Peruzzi, Antonio San Gallo, had individually taken every precaution and means to repair the defects in the construction. All of these knew what was required; but it was to Michael Angelo the Roman see was indebted for the plans, and their ultimate accomplishment. Long after the death of both the architect and the Pontiff Julius, the church of St. Peter's continued to employ the abilities of the greatest artists of the times, and by the immense expenses it occasioned to the Roman see became the cause, or pretext, of that exaction which ultimately ended in the Reformation.

We are debarred from giving much curious and interesting information with respect to Raphael and many of his cotemporaries, in consequence of the limited space we can allot in our miscellany to such a subject. We have already engrossed too much of our readers' time with the history of St. Peter's, the details of which are usually but little known to our general readers. However, we cannot conclude without a few lines respecting this wonderful and great artist:—Raphael, when first invited to Rome by the Pontiff Julius, at the instigation of his relative Bramante, was about five and twenty. Superior to the meagre and timid drawing and composition which characterized the schools of his time, yet far from having arrived at that grand and bold style—that richness and versatile conception, so remarkable in his more matured works. By Julius he was received with every demonstration of respect, and loaded with every species of caress; commissioned by him to paint the room called the Salla della Segnatura, in the Vatican, where he executed his four great works,—The Dispute of the Holy Sacrament, The School of Athens, The Parnassus, and The Jurisprudence. On the death of Julius II., Feb. 13, 1513, the Cardinal Jean de Medicis succeeded him, under the name of Leo X., and from whom Raphael received, if possible, greater favour and confidence, and was appointed by him architect of St. Peter's and superintendent of antiquities. Three hundred years have now elapsed since the

death of this great and immortal painter. His works have experienced every vicissitude, every species of change; many have been destroyed in the attempt at restoration, many have lost their original purity, and time—the merciless enemy to works so fragile as that of painting—has he not robbed them of some of their charms? And yet how pre-eminent do his works still stand over those of every other master, either ancient or modern!

During his lifetime, Raphael beheld his works multiplied by numerous repetitions; since that, he has been the object of every artist's study. The most skilful have been employed in copying his works even to rival the originals. It would be difficult to cite a cabinet or collection in Europe which does not boast the possession of some one of his master-pieces, either as a copy or original. In our own time, the Empress of Russia commissioned the best artists of Europe to copy, not only his large works in the Vatican, but the arabesques in the galleries, as well as the fifty-two pictures which compose the decoration, and built an edifice expressly for their reception. By every art invented by modern ingenuity have his works been multiplied. Tapestry, mosaic, enamel, and porcelain even, have been called in requisition; for long has his name been an object of adoration amongst the great, in every state in Europe. And in Rome, a series of pictures representing the principal events of his life have been formed into a gallery consecrated to his memory.

G. B.

HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

THE THIRD AVATAR.

THE soors,* and all the glorious host of heaven, sat on the summit of Mount Meru,† meditating the discovery of the Amreeta,‡ when Narayan§ said unto Brahma, "Let the ocean, as a pot of milk, be churned by the united labour of the soors and asoors; and when the mighty waters have been stirred up, the amreeta shall be found." A great mountain, named Mandar, was the instrument with which the operation was to be performed, but the dewes|| being unable to remove it, they had recourse to Vishnu and Brahma. By their direction, the king of the serpents lifted up that sovereign of mountains, with all its forests and inhabitants; and the soors and asoors having obtained permission of the king of the tortoises, it was placed for support on his back in the midst of the ocean. Then the

* A species of angel.

† A fictitious mountain, highly celebrated in the books of the Hindoos.

‡ The water of immortality.

§ A name of Vishnu.

|| Dew, dewa, or deva, a general name for a superior spirit.

soors and asoors using the serpent Vasookee for the rope, the asoors pulling by the head, and the soors by the tail, began to churn the ocean; while there issued from the mouth of the serpent a continued stream of fire, and smoke, and wind; and the roaring of the ocean, violently agitated with the whirling of the mountain, was like the bel-
lowing of a mighty cloud. At the same time a violent conflagration was raised on the mountain, by the concussion of its trees and other substances, which was quenched by a shower that the lord of the firmament poured down, whence a heterogeneous stream of the concocted juices of various trees and plants ran down into the briny flood. It was from this milk-like stream, produced from these juices and a mixture of melted gold, that the soors obtained their immortality. The waters of the ocean being now assimilated with those juices, were converted into milk, and a species of butter was produced; after which the churning powers became fatigued; but Narayan endued them with fresh strength, and they proceeded with great ardour to stir that butter of the ocean. First arose from it the moon; next Sree, the goddess of fortune; then the goddess of wine, and the white horse Oochisrava; afterwards the jewel kowstobh; the tree of plenty; and the cow that granted every desire of the heart; then the dew Dhanwantaree, in human shape, came forth, holding in his hand a white vessel filled with the immortal juice amreeta, which the asoors no sooner beheld than they raised their tumultuous voices, each of them exclaiming, "This, of right, is mine." But as they continued to churn the ocean more than enough, a deadly poison issued from its bed, confounding the three regions of the world with its immortal stench, until Siva, at the word of Brahma, swallowed the fatal drug, to save mankind. In the meanwhile, a violent jealousy and hatred, on account of the amreeta and the goddess Sree, sprung up in the bosoms of the asoors: but Narayan, assuming the form of a beautiful female, stood before them, whose minds becoming fascinated by her presence, and deprived of reason, they seized the amreeta, and gave it unto her; but a dreadful battle arose between the soors and asoors, in which Narayan, quitting the female figure, assisted the soors. The elements and powers of nature were thrown into confusion by the conflict; but with the mighty aid of Narayan, the soors obtained the victory, and the mountain Mandar was carried back to its former station. The soors guarded the amreeta with great care; and the god of the firmament, with all his immortal bands, gave the water of life unto Narayan, to keep it for their use.

W. G. C.

A DAY ON THE GLACIERS.

Containing an account of an excursion to the "Jardin," at Chamounix.

(Concluded from page 198.)

To those who feel any interest in the nature of a glacier—a point on which the labours of M. Agassiz are now throwing some light—there is a curious phenomenon to be seen during the excursion to the Jardin, near the *moulin* I have just noticed. At this spot three large glaciers unite: the Glacier du Lechaud, from the Jorasses, the Glacier de Talèfre, from the heights around it, and the Glacier du Tacul, direct from Mont Blanc. These three leviathans of the Alps, each pressing onwards, keep up a continued warfare with each other for superiority, in which the Tacul has the advantage, from its magnitude and line of descent; and a scene of inconceivable confusion is the result, their opposing power splitting and tossing about huge cubes of granite of twenty or thirty feet square like so many nutshells. Beyond this point the surface of the Glacier du Tacul is perfectly level, and, to adopt Devouassond's expression, "a diligence might be driven along it, if it could only be got there."

We crossed the *moraines* of these large fields of ice, and immediately commenced ascending the Couvercle—a steep and lofty rock shooting up directly from the glacier. If the passage of the Ponts had been the most hazardous part of our journey, probably this was the most fatiguing. The sun was shining with oppressive force directly upon us, and we were obliged to rest every ten or twelve steps to draw our breath—the altitude we had attained tending, no doubt, although but in a slight degree, to add to our exhaustion, for we were now more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the ascent so precipitous, that in climbing up the steep sides our feet were generally in close approximation to the heads of those immediately behind us.

The Glacier de Talèfre, in all the beauty of its white pyramids and sparkling unsullied waves, now broke upon us, and quitting the sure ground of the Couvercle, we followed Devouassond, as he advanced upon its treacherous surface. The heat of the day had thawed its upper layer, and we sank knee-deep at every step in a *todge* of half melted snow and ice. The guides were most urgent in begging us to tread as nearly as possible in their foot-marks, as some of the tracks which appeared smooth and easy of passage were merely bridges of snow thrown over chasms of immeasurable depth, which the slightest weight would cause to fall. Wherever there existed a doubt as to the practicability of crossing from one wave of the glacier to another, Devouassond sounded the snow carefully with his ice-

pole, nor would he allow us to move until he had ascertained its firmness; and yet, I was informed by a gentleman who has given us the best published account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, that this brave guide, who knows not what danger means amidst the peaks and crevices of his own glaciers, was so frightened by a slight ruffle of the water on crossing the lake of Geneva, that he laid himself down at the bottom of the boat, and cried like a child.

About half past twelve, we landed, if I may use the term, on the edge of the verdant ledge that forms the Jardin, heartily glad to arrive at the termination of our journey. We ascended its green slope for about fifty yards, and then threw ourselves down upon the ground, completely "dead beat," whilst the guides disencumbered themselves of their knapsacks, which contained our provisions. We had now leisure to regard the scene around us, and it was of an imposing and extraordinary nature. Immediately in front, the long unbroken surface of the Glacier du Tacul ran directly to the summit of Mont Blanc, whose apex was invested with a light fleecy cloud which was perpetually drifting to leeward, and somewhat resembled the smoke from a chimney. "Mont Blanc is smoking his cigar," said Devouassond; "so much the better—we shall have a fine evening." Many hundred feet below us were the glistening waves of the Mer de Glace, bounded to our right by the Aiguille des Charmoz, and on the left, by the Grandes Jorasse, at the foot of which range Mrs. Campbell and her daughter slept, amidst the eternal snow, during their extraordinary passage of the Col du Géant. The Jardin itself was a small grassy hillock, at the side of a natural basin of vast dimensions, formed of granite rocks, the only outlet to which was by the precipitous fall of the Glacier du Taléfre. Blocks of gneiss and granite—the *debris* of the winter tempests were scattered about it, with several small pieces of crystal, and some Alpine plants were blooming in the more sheltered crevices; but beyond its limits all was desolation and silence. Even a bee attracted our attention, at it flew humming by the spot we had selected for our repast: we felt that, had we been alone, the very presence of an insect would have enlivened our solitude. Devouassond informed me that the Jardin was a favourite resort of the Chamois chamois-hunters, in consequence of its being the nearest pasturage for these animals during the autumnal months.

We did full justice to the frugal meal which the guides had provided for us; and although it was confined to a piece of plain cold boiled mutton, with bread and salt, I thought I had never tasted anything so delicious. We had also three bottles of light claret, which we drank from portable

leather cups, and we gave toasts and sang songs until the rocks echoed again with our merriment. We saw several corks and broken bottles lying about, which gave traces of former revellers having been to the Jardin; indeed, we were told that, now and then, young ladies were found bold enough to make the attempt. How on earth they contrive to traverse the Ponts, or climb the Couverticle, I cannot very well make out; yet, although the expedition is certainly one not particularly calculated for females to undertake, we were rather pleased than annoyed at hearing that the majority of the fair adventurers were English girls.

About two o'clock, P.M., we once more prepared to start, being perfectly refreshed by our repast. We had scarcely left the rock, when an accident occurred, which might have thrown a sad gloom over our day's enterprise. One of my companions, who appeared a little excited by the wine and novelty of our situation combined, instead of keeping in the wake of the guides, as we descended the rapid pitch of the Glacier de Taléfre, amused himself by sliding down the small slopes, in spite of our remonstrances, guiding himself with his baton. By some accident the pole hitched in the ice as he was holding it before him, and the top of it catching him under the chin, threw him violently upon his back, at the same time grazing his neck severely. He must have fallen with some force, as the pole snapped in two with the shock; losing his equilibrium immediately, he glided rapidly down the wave of ice, and the next instant was completely hidden from us in a large drift of snow. We were exceedingly alarmed, and called out loudly to know if he was safe; no answer was returned, and we stood in horrible suspense, until we saw him, a minute afterwards, emerge from the side of the drift furthest from us, and wave his cap, which signal we returned with cheers. We directly gave Devouassond our poles, who tied them together with our handkerchiefs, and by this means assisted our companion up the opposite side of the trough, if it may be called so. He was more frightened than hurt, except the graze under his chin, and did not seem inclined to venture any more out of the track. The guides said, that it was just as probable as not for the slope to have ended in a crevice, when nothing could have saved him, had it been sufficiently large for him to have fallen into, and upon the Mer de Glace they usually average from two to ten feet in breadth.

I had expected that we should descend to Montanvert in much less time than we had performed the upward journey, but I found my calculations totally wrong, as the afternoon sun had thawed the whole surface of the glacier, and we were obliged to walk

with great caution, occasionally losing our shoes for a moment in the soft snow. We found some small piles of stones and pieces of ice, which the guides had built up as we came along, of great utility in pointing out our track in returning, since nothing is more easy than to lose the path amidst the intricacies and crevices of the glacier. We heard several avalanches fall as we descended, but they were too remote to cause any apprehension, although their echoing *chute* had something awful in it, in these remote solitudes. As we advanced lower down the *Mer de Glace*, we could discern the *chalet* on the *Flegère*, which forms the northern boundary of the valley of Chamounix, opposite the glacier; and in another half hour we were within view of Montanvert, where we had taken breakfast in the morning. We were now enabled to make better progress, as the ice was firmer, being shaded by the mountains that encompassed it, and our footing was firmer and surer, from the day's habitude—indeed, we almost ran along ledges of ice, that we had with timidity crept across in the morning. The passage of the *Ponts* was, however, quite as difficult as we had before found it; possibly from our being compelled to grasp every projection with our left hand.

At half past five we reached the hut at Montanvert, and in two hours more descended to Chamounix, having been on our legs since five in the morning, with the exception of the intervals of breakfast and dinner. We gave the guides ten francs each, and the expenses of our breakfasts and dinners, including the wine, were eighteen francs more; this we paid between us, and can safely affirm, we never laid out money with greater pleasure than in making this excursion, which, without partaking of the danger and outlay of the ascent of *Mont Blanc*, is still highly interesting, and abounding in novel and stupendous effects.

ALBERT.

ON THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC UPON MAN AND ANIMALS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

It is with music as with all other human productions; man is not its creator, but merely its fabricator, or composer. He combines in a skilful manner sounds which have ever existed, and are disjointedly and voluntarily produced by animated creatures, and involuntarily produced by the echoes and concussions of inanimate bodies. As in the construction of a clock or a steam-engine, man is only entitled to the praise of having produced useful and mighty effects by an ingenious artificial association of numerous natural principles of mechanics;

so in music, he is merely entitled to the merit, and very great that merit is, of having produced an admirable and agreeable combination of natural tones. An attentive ear may trace all the notes of instrumental music to nature's own orchestra, in which her birds and other untaught musicians intermingle their sweet and varied notes, with the deep tones of the wind playing through the thick grove or hollow cavern, and with the babbling of the running brook, producing a grand concert to charm the senses of all admirers of nature.

Ancient history, apart from its exaggerations, abounds with credible instances of the extraordinary effects which music has produced upon mankind. We all know the sedative effects of music, and that it can dispel fears from the mind, on which account the timid try by whistling to screw their courage up when they pass through lonely places at night time. *Tyrtæus*, the Spartan poet, by certain verses which he sung to the accompaniment of flutes, so inflamed the courage of his countrymen, that they achieved a great victory over the *Messenians*, to whom they had submitted in several previous conflicts. *Timotheus*, with his flute, could move the passions of *Alexander* as he pleased, inspiring him at one moment with the greatest fury, and soothing him in the next into the most gentle and placid state. *Shakespeare* says, music can

—“ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.”

Love's Labour Lost, Act iv. Scene 3.

The truth of this assertion is abundantly shewn both in ancient and modern history. *Pythagoras* instructed a woman, by the power of music, to arrest the fury of a young man who came to set her house on fire; and his disciple, *Empedocles*, used his lyre with such success as to prevent another person from murdering his father when the sword was unsheathed for that purpose. The fierceness of *Achilles* was allayed by playing on the harp, on which account *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the spoils of *Ætion*. With the same instrument *Damon* quieted wild and drunken youths; and *Asclepiades*, in a similar manner, brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason. *Clinias*, a man of virtuous manners, who had embraced the *Pythagorean* philosophy, used to take up his harp and play upon it directly he felt passion rising in his breast, that he might allay its ebullition. If asked at such moments why he played, he pleasantly replied, that it was with a view to compose himself. It is related that—“*Filippo Palma*, the celebrated singer, having been arrested by one of his largest and most enraged creditors, from whom he had been long skulking, *Palma* made no other reply to his abuse and his threats than by sitting down to the harp—

chord, and singing two or three of his most pleasing and touching airs to his own accompaniments; whereby the fury of his creditor was gradually so perfectly subdued, that he not only forgave his debtor, but lent him ten guineas to appease the clamour of other creditors who threatened him with a gaol." How many of us would rejoice if musical notes were always as acceptable to creditors as bank notes! All creditors have not, unfortunately, a care for any sweet sounds except the chink of gold and the grating of the key in the debtor's prison. But to return to our examples: the amicable influence of music is thus pleasantly noticed by a poet:—

"Music, 'tis somewhere well express'd,
'Bends oaks and soothes the savage breast ;'
Leo looked mischievously sturdy—
I calmed him with my hurdy-gurdy,
Snatched from Olympus' sacred summit,
Where Orpheus long had loved to thrum it ;
And there, what ogling, cooing, billing,
Gavotting, waltzing, and quadrilling,
'Mongst fawns and nymphs, from grove and
grotto,
Who crowded to his gay ridotto."

Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans, relates that Sultan Amurath having besieged Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had yielded and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician, who besought the executioner to spare him one moment that he might speak to the emperor. He appeared before the Sultan, and was permitted to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltery, which resembles a lyre, and has six sides, and accompanied the sounds of the instrument with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath; its pathetic and exulting sounds melted even Amurath, who suffered the musician to proceed, till, overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed from his eyes, and he revoked his cruel orders. Influenced by the musician's powerful talent, he not only ordered the lives of the prisoners to be spared, but restored them to liberty. Stradella, the celebrated composer, was attacked by three desperadoes, who had been hired to assassinate him; but fortunately, they had ears sensible to harmony. While waiting for a favourable opportunity to execute their design, they entered the church of St. John de Lateran during the performance of an oratorio composed by the very man whom they intended to destroy, and were so affected by the music, that they abandoned their design, and even waited on the musician to apprise him of his danger. Stradella, however, was not always so fortunate; other assassins, who apparently had no ears for music, stabbed him some time afterwards at Genoa, and thus afforded a practical

illustration of Shakspeare's observation, that

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus!
Let no such man be trusted."

Merchant of Venice, Act v. Scene 1.

In Southey's "History of Brazil," we read, that "Nolrega (a Jesuit) had a school, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the *mestizos*, or mixed breed. They were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and were trained to assist at mass, and to sing the church service. This had a great effect; for the natives were passionately fond of music, so passionately, that Nolrega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by vocal music he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. He usually took with him four or five of his little choristers on his preaching expeditions; when they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the litany. The savages were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and, when he departed with his little band in procession, other children followed the music. He set the catechism, creed, and ordinary prayers to *sol fa*; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuit."

Our greatest men, with few exceptions, have been highly sensible to the charms of music. Cromwell is celebrated for his partiality for it; and most, if not all, of our sovereigns are noted for the same liking. Dramatists and poets can hardly be otherwise than fond of music. From the frequency with which Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, have introduced music, and beautiful allusions to its charms and effects, into their plays, we may fairly infer that their love for it was intense. Shakspeare, indeed, not only utters many fine sentiments upon it, but he employs it as an instrument of great and magical power in many of his plays, but more especially in the "Tempest," and "As You Like It." Coleridge was very fond of music, and he has left us an interesting remark or two upon it:—"An ear for music," he observes, "is a very different thing from a taste for it. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said, 'it sounded to me like nonsense verses;' but I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of

Beethoven followed." Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici," (part ii. sect. 9, p. 57,) takes particular notice of his own natural and ardent love of music:—"Whatsoever is harmonically composed," says he, "delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes me into a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers—it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God—such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding; in short, it is a sensible fit of harmony which intellectually sounds in the ear of God. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest symmetry unto music." Sir Thomas's confession of pleasure at hearing "that vulgar and tavern music" reminds me of the following poetical description, by Wordsworth, of the great sensation created by a street musician, and every reader will acknowledge the every-day confirmation of the poet's excellent sketch:—

" An Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! Yes, faith may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of old ;
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same,
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there—and he works on the crowd ;
He aways them with harmony merry and loud,—
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly !—what an empire is this !
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest ;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress !

As the moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
So he, where he stands, is the centre of light ;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusty-brown Jack,
And the pale-visaged baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—
What matter !—he's caught, and his time runs to waste ;
The newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamplighter—he's in the net !

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;
The lass with her barrow, wheels hither her store—
If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease—
She sees the musician—'tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall—he abates not his din—

His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in
From the old and the young—from the poorest,—
and there !—

The one-pennied boy has a penny to spare.

O, blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band ;

I am glad for him, blind as he is, all the while—
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? Oh, not he !
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple, who leans on his crutch, like a tower
That long has lean'd forward, leans hour after hour !—

That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar in a stream—
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream ;
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,

Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue."

Some trivial kinds of music, by sharpening the faculties, stimulate the auditors either to join in it with some sort of accompaniment, however rough and discordant; and there are persons by whom agreeable music is regarded as a pleasant sauce for their discourse. Hence, let us not be hard upon the lady who expressed to an eminent flutist, at a private party, her gratification at seeing he was going to play, because, as she alleged, "music is such a promoter of conversation."

It would, unquestionably, be rash to suppose that all men who are not pleased with the concord of sweet sounds would commit those crimes against the person and the state which the poet says they are fit to execute. Certainly they must lack a reverence for, or the power to appreciate, that which is harmonious; but this physical defect, if I may so term it, may shew itself by destroying things of less consequence than life and state. Lord Chesterfield, if he did not dislike music, certainly regarded the practice of it as no accomplishment. In his "Advice to his Son" he says, "I cannot avoid calling playing upon any musical instrument illiberal in a gentleman. Music is generally reckoned one of the liberal arts, and not unjustly; but a man of fashion, who is seen piping or fiddling at a concert, degrades his own dignity. If you love music, hear it; pay fiddlers to play to you, but never fiddle yourself. It makes a gentleman appear frivolous and contemptible, leads him frequently into bad company, and wastes that time which might otherwise be well employed." Such is the opinion of an exquisite; but I cannot agree with his lordship. Hunting and other fashionable sports seem to me much more likely to lead young gentlemen into bad society (as that of betters, gamblers, jockeys, &c., to wit) than playing upon the violin. His advice, that if one loves music one should not learn to play it, but get another to play it, reminds one of the lazy Turk

who, seeing some English gentlemen dancing, observed to them, "If you like that sort of amusement, why do you not get your servants to do it for you?" A writer in the "New Monthly Magazine" relates of Windham that, "though his taste for the fine arts was peculiarly pure and discriminating, he had no relish for music; but he acknowledged that a simple ballad, when sung by Miss Alderson (afterwards Mrs. Opie), he could endure with a degree of acquiescence almost amounting to pleasure. Yet, upon another occasion, when an interesting young lady was singing the old song of 'Barbara Allen,' and making a considerable pause between the stanzas, I observed Windham more than half asleep. His excuse was, that 'it was too long, and reminded him of one of Mr. Drake's speeches in the House, who made you believe twenty times that he was going to finish, but still went on.' I have heard him observe, that the four greatest men he had ever known had no pleasure in music—Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, William Pitt, and Dr. Johnson. Sir James Mackintosh has the same apathy to music. He has been frequently dragged to the Italian Opera, and a more woful figure in the pit of that theatre was never seen. Richard Sharp proposed, as a thesis for the physiological schools of Edinburgh,—What was the precise effect of music on the sensorium of Mackintosh?" It is said of Southey, the poet-laureate, that he has a dislike for music. Tyers tells us that Pope could hardly believe the reality of what people felt from Handel's grand compositions, till he consulted Arbuthnot, who assured him of the vast powers of Handel. "I cannot help it," said Pope, at Lord Burlington's, where he often saw that famous composer, "but what I hear pleases me no more than the airs of a common ballad!" It should, however, be added, that Pope parodied the first Psalm.

While in some persons we find a morbid apathy to music, we find others on whom music produces impressions so intense as to remain, as it were, in their ears long after the performance has ceased. In the "Repertoire Medico-Chirurgical de Piedmont," for June, 1834, Dr. Brofferio relates, that a woman twenty-eight years of age, of a robust constitution, married, but without children, and who had never previously left her village or heard a concert, was present at a three-day's fête, where there was dancing to the sounds of a brilliant orchestra. She entered into the amusement with ardour, and was delighted; but when the fête was over she could not get rid of the impression which the music had made upon her. Whether she ate, drank, walked, went to bed, sat still, was busy, or unoccupied, the different airs which she had heard were constantly present, and succeeded

each other in the same order as that in which they were executed. Sleep she could not; her digestive organs began to suffer; and ultimately, her entire system becoming deranged in consequence of this, medical aid was called in; various attempts were made to expel the imaginary music, but the more her body became enfeebled, the more intently did the musical sounds disturb her. This nervous suffering continued for six months, when she died, without having for one moment during that period lost the strange visitation. Even in her last moments she fancied she heard the first violin give some discordant notes, when, holding her head with both hands, she exclaimed, "Oh, what a false note! it tears my head." A writer in the "Athæneum" says, that he has heard of "an aged person, who from the year 1829 has had the greatest difficulty in going to sleep, because he every evening feels an irresistible desire to hear an air which belongs to the mountains of Auvergne. He has tried reading aloud, thinking deeply, and several other means, to get rid of it, but it is of no use—he is invariably forced, mechanically, to utter the words in the idiom of Auvergne. We have known the most alarming effects produced by music upon children unaccustomed to it, and fevers ensued in consequence of the over-excitement."

However, let not these few instances of its ill effects upon weak and morbid constitutions deter anybody from listening to music, for what is there but it will agree with one and hurt another. As regards music, its general effects are certainly beneficial, vocal music especially. Dr. Rush was of opinion that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from any other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving their health; he particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states that, besides its salutary operations in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "The exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting of blood amongst them; this exemption, I believe, is partly occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential part of their education." A music-master informed Gardiner that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing. In the new establishment of infant

schools for children of three and four years of age everything is taught by the aid of song; their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted, and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health; many instances have occurred of weakly children of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of their lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical; singing tends to expand the chest, and thus to increase the activity and powers of the vital organs. Sir Henry Hallford, in his *Essays and Oration*s, observes that "Of the solace of music—yea more, of its influence upon melancholy, we have evidence in the universal testimony of antiquity, and in its recorded effect upon the gloomy distemper of the perverse mind of Saul. I myself have witnessed its power to mitigate the sadness of seclusion, in a case where my loyalty as a good subject and my best feelings as a man were more than usually interested in the restoration of my patient; and I also remember its salutary operation in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire, many years ago, who was first stupified, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of all his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live—he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to nor notice anybody in the house for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and, induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the rest of the patients of the house pass by his door to their common road, he accosted them, 'Good morning to you all, gentlemen; I am quite well, and desire I may accompany you.' In two months more he was dismissed cured." Zenocrates is said to have cured several madmen, and amongst others, Sarpander and Arion. Music is reported to have been also efficacious in removing several dangerous diseases. Picus Mirandola observes, in explanation of its being appropriated to such an end, that music moves the spirits to act upon the soul and the body. Theophrastus, in his "Essay on Enthusiasm," reports many cures performed on this principle. It is certain that the Thebans used the pipe for the cure of many disorders, which Galen called *Super loco affecto tibia cavere*. Democritus states that many diseases are capable of being

cured by the sound of a flute properly played. M. Burette, in a dissertation on ancient music (in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres," tome xv.), mentions many diseases cured by this kind of music; among this number he reckons quartan fevers, the plague, syncope, insanity, epilepsy, deafness, and serpents' bites; and he cites, as vouchers for these cures, the authority of many Greek and Roman authors of veracity. Marianus Capellus assures us, that fevers may be cured by appropriate songs; and Asclepiades employed the sound of a trumpet as a remedy. The Cretan Taletas delivered the Lacedemonians from the plague by the sweetness of his lyre. Do we not learn from the holy scriptures that David calmed the fury of Saul by the tones of his harp? Athenæus asserts, that the sound of the flute cures sciatica, with this addition, that the flute must be played in the Phrygian mode; Aulus Gellius, on the contrary, recommends a soft and plaintive mode, not one of vehemence, such as the Phrygian. Cælius Aurelianus determines even the length to which this species of enchantment should be carried—that is, till the fibres of the affected part begin to leap and palpitate, when the pain vanishes. Perhaps, however, the strongest argument in favour of the cultivation of music is found in the facts mentioned by the author of the "Simplicity of Health,"—namely, "that most men who have figured in the annals of longevity have been fond of music. Professed musicians, with all their eccentricities, and their constant residence in great cities, free living, and late hours, will be found to have the advantage over persons of any other profession. It is an exhilarating recreation, that always furnishes a companion in solitude, relieves weariness, and dispels gloomy thoughts; instances of suicide amongst musicians are comparatively rare, although some of them have met with sad reverses. I could never bring myself to encourage a father to chide his son for losing his time at a musical instrument, notwithstanding that I am aware of its having marred his best prospects in life."

Le Feuilleton:

OR, THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SHOOTING SEASON IN PARIS.

EVERY one knows what excitement is manifested in Paris, in the quarters St. Martin and St. Denis, when the month of September brings with it the return of the shooting season. At that time we encounter none but townspeople returning from the canal, whither they have been to

get their hand in by popping at swallows, training dogs in a leash, carrying a gun upon their shoulder, and promising to be less awkward this year than the last, and stopping all their acquaintance with the question, "Are you fond of quails and partridges?" "Yes." "Very well, I will send you some about the 3rd or 4th of the next month." "Thank you." "Look you, I have hit five swallows out of eight shots." "Excellent!" "That is not bad shooting, is it?" "Certainly not." "Adieu."

Well, towards the end of the month of August, 1829, one of these sportsmen entered the door of a house in the Faubourg St. Denis, and demanded of the porter if Deschamps was at home, and on being answered in the affirmative, ascended the stairs, dragging up his dog step by step, and thrusting the barrel of his gun into all the angles of the wall of the five stages which conducted to the apartment of this celebrated painter.

Whom should he discover there but his brother Alexander.

Alexander was one of those spirited and original men, whom, as artists, we confess nothing is beyond them who would be good at everything, if they were not too decidedly idle to occupy themselves seriously with anything, who have in all things an instinct of the beautiful and the true; recognising it wherever they come across it, without troubling themselves whether the work which raises their enthusiasm be that of a great master or not. As to the rest, he is a good fellow in every acceptance of the word, always willing to empty his pockets for the advantage of his friends, and, like all such people, possessed with the notion that it saves trouble, is easily led away, not from weakness of character, but from a dislike of argument, and from fear of fatigue.

With this disposition of mind Alexander suffered himself to be easily persuaded by this new arrival that he should derive great pleasure to begin sporting with him in the plain of St. Denis, where there were this year, it was said, quails in gangs, partridges in flocks, and hares in droves.

Accordingly he ordered of different tradesmen, a shooting coat, a gun, and a pair of gaiters, and obtained a licence from the prefect of police, which was delivered to him on the faith of a certificate of good life and manners, without consulting the magistrate of his neighbourhood.

On the 31st of August Alexander discovered that there was yet one thing wanting to render him a complete sportsman, and that was, a dog. He quickly ran to the house of a man who had sat to his brother, with his group of learned dogs, and demanded of him if he had not got what he wanted.

The man replied that he had some animals of wonderful scent of this kind;

and going from the room into the dog-kennel, which was on the same floor, he took off the three-cornered hat and jacket which adorned a kind of mongrel, returned immediately with him, and presented him to Alexander as a thorough-bred dog. This caused him to remark that the thorough-bred dog had straight pointed ears, which was quite contrary to the usual appearance of such animals; but to this the man replied, that it was a mark of the most decided character for an English dog to carry his ears thus. Upon the whole the thing might be true, so Alexander contented himself with the explanation, and removed Love (for that was the dog's name,) home. At five the following morning our sportsman came to awake Alexander, who slept as one of the blessed, upbraiding him violently for his laziness; thanks to which, they would find on their arrival all the plain shot over. In truth one ought to have seen the plain of St. Denis at break of day to have an idea of the ridiculous scene it presented. Not a lark nor a sparrow could fly by but he was saluted with a thousand shots. If he fell, thirty bags were opened, thirty sportsmen disputed for him, thirty dogs bit at him; if he continued his journey, every eye was fixed upon him; if he settled down, everybody ran; if he rose up, everybody stopped. Now and then a few shots, intended for the birds, struck some of the sportsmen; at such a time one must not mind it.

The smell of the powder and the noise of the firing produced the usual effect. With pain had our sportsman heard the one and scented the other. He precipitated himself into the mêlée, and immediately began to do his part in the confusion which surrounded him.

Alexander, cooler than he, came forward at a very slow pace, devotedly followed by Love, whose nose never once quitted the heels of his master. Now every one knows that the part of a sporting dog is to beat the plain, and not to be looking if we have nails in our boots. This reflection naturally occurred to Alexander at the end of half an hour. Consequently he signed with his hand to Love, and said, "Off!" Love instantly raised himself on his hind legs and began to dance. "Well," said Alexander, placing the butt end of his gun on the ground, and contemplating his dog, "it appears that Love, besides his university education, possesses also the most amusing talents. I thought I had made a most excellent acquisition."

However, as he had bought Love to shoot, and not to dance, he took advantage of the moment when he returned on his fore-feet to make him a more expressive sign, and said in a stronger voice, "Away!" Love laid down at full length, shut his eyes, and appeared to be dead. Alexander gave a

glance at him; the intelligent animal was perfectly motionless, not a muscle of his body moved; one would have supposed he had been dead twenty-four hours.

"This is very pretty," cried Alexander, "but my dear friend this is not the time to indulge in these pleasantries; we have come here to shoot, therefore let us shoot. Come on beast—come on." Love never moved. "Come come," said Alexander, pulling from the earth a stick which had served as a prop for peas, and advancing towards Love, with the intention of giving him a stripe across the shoulders,—Come!" Hardly had Love seen the stick in the hand of his master, when he rose up on his feet, and followed all his movements with an expression of remarkable intelligence. As soon as Alexander saw that, he deferred his correction, and thinking that this time he was really going to obey him, he shook the stick before Love, and for the third time cried—"Off!"

Love made but one spring, and jumped over the stick.

Love understood perfectly three things:—to dance on his hind feet, to pretend death, and to jump.

Alexander, who could not for a moment appreciate this last talent any more than the two others, broke the stick over the back of Love, who escaped howling to the side of our sportsman. Just as Love came up, our sportsman was in the act of shooting; and by the greatest chance, an unfortunate swallow, who was flying over his head, fell into the mouth of Love. Love blessed the chance which had brought him such a godsend, and without stopping to see if he was roasted or not, made but one mouthful of him. Our sportsman threw himself on the unfortunate dog, uttering the most terrible imprecations, seized him by the throat, and forced him to open his mouth; whatever he expected, he found nothing. The sportsman frantically plunged in his hand as far as the gullet, and pulled out three feathers from the tail of the swallow. as for the body, it was of no use thinking more about it. The owner of the swallow searched in his pocket for his knife to rip open Love, and by this means to get possession of his game; unfortunately for him, but luckily for Love, he had lent it the evening before to a friend. Obligated in consequence to resort to less violent means of punishment, he gave Love a kick with his foot, placed the three feathers which he had saved carefully in his pouch, and cried aloud to Alexander, "You may say what you please, my dear friend, I will never shoot with you from henceforth; your beggarly Love has devoured a most beautiful bird of mine. In the meantime the swallow had given Love an appetite; and as from time to time he saw some kinds which appeared to be of

the same species rise up before him, he began to run on every side, no doubt in the hope that in the end he should meet with another windfall like the first.

Alexander followed him with great trouble, and losing all patience as he followed:—in fact Love hunted in quite a contrary manner to that adopted by other dogs, namely, with his nose in the air, and with his tail hanging down—this denoted that he had a better sight than smell; but the displacement of these physical faculties was intolerable to his master, away from whom he maintained a hundred paces, making the game rise up on every side, but without the reach of his gun.

Towards four o'clock Alexander had been about fifteen leagues, and Love at least thirty, the one worn out with bawling, and the other with barking. As to our sportsman, he had separated himself from the rest, and returned home.

Of a sudden Love made a point—but a point so sudden and so firm, that he might almost be said to be, like the dog of Cephalus, turned to stone. At this sight, so new to him, Alexander forgot his fatigue, and ran up as fast as possible, trembling lest he should lose his point before he could arrive to shoot. Alexander came up with him, examined the direction of his eyes, saw that they were fixed upon a tuft of grass, and on the tuft perceived something grey. He thought that this might be a young partridge, cut off from his companions; and trusting more to his hat than his gun, placed the latter on the ground, took his hat in his hand, and advancing with a stealthy step, as a child about to entrap a butterfly, he thrust it down over the unknown object, joyfully put his hand under, and pulled out—a frog.

H.

Miscellaneous.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

JEREMY BENTHAM, with a real love of science, bequeathed his body to his friend, Dr. Southwood Smith, a kindred spirit and a highly-gifted and philosophical writer; and the worthy doctor took the best possible way of honouring the glorious old philosopher. He had the head, with all the integuments, preserved after the manner of the South Sea islanders; and he employed a skilful artist to model the face and head (in composition), so as to obtain an exact likeness and to make it resemble the living man. This the artist has succeeded in; the features are placid and reflective, and beam with the purest benevolence and philanthropy, such as once animated the original; and what adds to the illusion is, that Bentham's own hair is fixed on that modelled

likeness. It is white and long, and of a particularly fine texture, and hangs most gracefully over the shoulders of the divine old man. This work of art is affixed to the real skeleton, which is dressed in the last suit of clothes worn by this illustrious philosopher, and they are stuffed out so as to fill them, and he is placed in a sitting posture, resting the right hand on a stick, and the left hand in a natural and easy posture on his left knee. And to give a finish to the whole, his broad-brimmed hat is placed on his head, just as he was wont to sit on a bench in the Temple-gardens, contemplating some of those truths which only now begin to be appreciated. A plain, solid, richly-coloured Spanish mahogany cabinet encloses the rich relic of one of nature's nobility, and we gaze on the face of this political prophet through the large plate glass, which is so placed that the light falls on his features, and an observer is almost tempted to speak to him; a pair of folding doors secure the glass from any injury, and exclude the light when there is not a visitor.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS DURING A CAMPAIGN.

If in the course of a campaign he met a courier on the road, he generally stopped, got out of his carriage, and called Berthier or Caulaincourt, who sat down on the ground to write what the Emperor dictated. Frequently then the officers around him were sent in different directions, so that hardly any remained in attendance on his person. When he expected some intelligence from his generals, and it was supposed that a battle was in contemplation, he was generally in the most anxious state of disquietude; and not unfrequently in the middle of the night called out aloud, "Call D'Albe, (his principal secretary;) let every one arise." He then began to work at one or two in the morning; having gone to bed the night before, according to his invariable custom, at nine o'clock, as soon as he had dined. Three or four hours sleep was all that he either allowed himself or required. During the campaign of 1813, there was only one night—that when he rested at Gorlitz, after the conclusion of the armistice—that he slept ten hours without waking. Often Caulaincourt or Duroc were up with him hard at work all night. On such occasions, his favourite Mameluke Rustan brought him frequently strong coffee, and he walked about from dark till sunrise, speaking and dictating without intermission in his apartment, which was always well lighted, wrapped up in his nightgown, with a silk handkerchief tied like a turban round his head. But these stretches were only

made under the pressure of necessity; generally he retired to rest at eight or nine, and slept till two; then rose, and dictated for a couple of hours; then rested, or more frequently meditated, for two hours alone; after which he dressed, and a warm bath prepared him for the labours of the succeeding day. His travelling-carriage was a perfect curiosity, and singularly characteristic of the prevailing temper of his disposition. It was divided into two unequal compartments, separated by a small low partition, on which the elbows could rest, while it prevented either from encroaching on the other: the smaller was for Berthier, the larger, the lion's share, for himself. The Emperor could recline in a *dormeuse* in front of his seat; but no such accommodation was afforded to his companion. In the interior of the carriage were a number of drawers, of which Napoleon had the key, in which were placed despatches not yet read, and a small library of books. A large lamp behind threw a bright light in the interior, so that he could read without intermission all night. He paid great attention to his portable library, and had prepared a list of duodecimo editions of above five hundred volumes, which he intended to be his constant travelling-companions: but the disasters of the latter years of his reign prevented this design from being carried into complete execution.

The Satherer.

Elephant shooting in Coorg.—We learn from Coorg, that Lieutenant M—, of the 34th Native Infantry, who is an elephant shooter of no ordinary eminence, has quitted the province *en route* to join, after a rather unsuccessful campaign against those monsters of the "leafy deep." Whilst stationed in Coorg, this officer killed a great number of elephants, but during his late excursion he has been less fortunate than so ardently devoted a disciple of St. Hubert deserves. Amongst his adventures amidst the "green-wood tree" is one, however, worth narrating, if only to shew the wonderful sagacity of the elephant. Lieutenant M—, it appears, in pursuit of one of these noble "sovereigns of the forest," put eight (brass) balls successively into his game, three of which evidently took effect in the head: but the animal got away, though severely hurt, and bleeding in torrents; but whilst fleeing from his pursuers the elephant was observed to pick up mud with his trunk and plaster it on the wounded parts; clearly for the purpose of stopping the hemorrhage, the vital effects whereof were each moment becoming more evident in the slackening and unsteady gait of the dying monarch of

these sylvan scenes.—*United States Gazette.*

Women.—It is singular that most of the Roman revolutions should have owed their origin to women. From this cause sprang the abolition of the regal office and the decemvirate. From this cause arose the great change of the constitution, by which the plebeians became capable of holding the highest offices of the commonwealth. The younger daughter of Fabius Ambustus carried to a plebeian, envious of the honours of her elder sister, the wife of a patrician, all the offices and dignities of the state. After much turbulence and contest, the final issue was the admission of the plebeians, first to the consulate, and afterwards to the censorship, the praetorship, and priesthood; a change beneficial in the main, as consolidating the strength of the republic, and cutting off the principal source of intestine disorder.—*Elements of Natural History.*

St. Paul's 200 years ago.—The middle aisle of the old cathedral was the resort of all the idle and profligate in London. The coxcomb here displayed his finery, and the cut-purse picked his pocket. Serving men here came to find masters, and tradesmen to attract purchasers by their notices on the pillars.

Abstraction of Intellect.—The abstractions of Newton were proverbial. It may not be true that he once inserted the little finger of a lady, whose hand he was holding, into his pipe, instead of a tobacco-stopper, or that he made a small hole in his study door for the exit of a kitten, by the side of a large one for the cat; it is certain, however, that he was once musing by the fire, with his knees close to the bars, when, finding his legs in danger of being grilled, he rang his bell, and in a rage desired his servant to take away the grate.—*Philosophy of Mystery.*

The man that has 'em.—The fire that consumed Spenser's child possibly destroyed the deficient conclusion of his *Faery Queene*. While we were travelling on a car, between Dunroby and Wexford, we were talking about the possibility of some happy chance enabling us, however, to find "the lost books" still in existence, when our car-driver turned round and exclaimed, "I know the man that has 'em!" Our hearts instantly leaped with joy, and we eagerly asked "Who?—Where?" "Oh, bedad, sir, I know the man that has 'em; he lives at Bollycock, and has him and the pinny magazine, too?"—*Mrs. Hall's "Ireland."*

Potatoes and Bread in Ireland.—For above a century and a half, the potato has been almost the only food of the Irish peasantry. They raise corn, indeed,—wheat, barley, and oats in abundance—but it is for

export; and we have no hesitation in saying, there are hundreds in the less civilised districts who have never tasted bread.—*Ibid.*, p. 82.

Education.—The parish teachers of the present day are not the same men of forty years back. Everyone who knows them is fully aware that they have fully participated in the advances that have been made, both in general knowledge and in that pertaining to their own profession. We cannot expect men to labour in this arduous calling who have talent and energy enough to advance themselves in other pursuits, unless a reasonable provision be made for them sufficient to place them in their proper place in society. The educators of Scotland and its constables receiving the same pay! education can point to no greater marvel than the progress made lately in such circumstances by these very men, in all that adds to the efficiency of a teacher—moral worth, intelligence, and professional skill.—*Gunn on National Education.*

Weeds in Pastures.—Some farmers seem to suppose that if they keep the weeds subdued in the growing crops, they have performed wonders (and too many have reason to congratulate themselves if they do this), while all kinds of nuisances in the shape of weeds disfigure and overrun their pastures. But thistles, milk-weed, everlasting, John's-wort, sweet elder, &c., flourish undisturbed, and fill the earth with seeds or roots in readiness to spread and grow, whenever the earth is moved for their reception. No plant not wanted on a farm, or not required in a course of cultivation, should ever be allowed to perfect its weeds on any part of it: if they are, the farmer will find to his sorrow that he has suffered an enemy to steal a march upon him, one which it may require much time and labour to subdue. Allow, then, nothing to go to seed upon the farm you do not mean to cultivate; dig them up root and branch, or if this is not practicable, take your scythe and cut them at once. Don't wait for the moon or for signs; but what it is necessary to do, do it without delay.—*The Cultivator.*

Fondness for children denotes, not only a kind heart, but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brows speak daggers to him—he sees his own villany reflected from their countenances as from a mirror. Always mark the man or woman who avoids children.

Would you see human vanity and misery at the highest. Behold the globe of the world carried in procession before the corpse of the Emperor Charles VII., who, during the short course of his wretched reign, could not keep possession of one small unfortunate province.

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THE SEA-UNICORN.